

## **The House That Mike Built by Magladin**

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**Summary:** This is the version of Mileven from my Thunderbolt and Lightning story where El is adopted by the Wheelers after the events of season one. I like the idea of them having to sneak around. In this one Mike accidentally destroys the fort so they have to rebuild it. With sexy results. Check the rating, y'all. Hard M to E.

## The House That Mike Built

This story has actually been around for months, I just had to shine it up. Magladin is a team and this was our first story, though at the time we didn't know it would ever be published. We were just babies then. But this was our first time! It will always be special. This story is for M, as all of my stories are, and for G-Force, who has an affinity for the Mileven from Thunderbolt and Lightning. Check the rating, y'all.

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Living with the Wheelers was definitely something Eleven had never dreamed of. Well, of course she had *dreamed* of something so secure and nice and perfectly *normal* but she had never allowed herself to actually think it could ever be more than a dream.

Except now she was living it. And it was the best dream ever.

And along with it came all the perks of being a regular kid living in the suburbs with a mom and a dad. She had her own bedroom with its own bathroom. Sure, it was the basement but she'd always felt at home there. She had both an older and a younger sister now and they both welcomed her. She had Mike, but she could never think of him as her brother. Living so close together had given them many opportunities to further their relationship and while they had both tried to hold back, lines were crossed and virginities lost in a tangle of awkward familiarity. It hadn't gone like she'd dreamed, but it was *Mike* and El thought the part she liked best might have been right after, when she cradled his head as he apologized profusely for cumming too soon. El hadn't minded. It had been a little uncomfortable but she was willing to try again and she liked the cuddling the most anyway.

One of the best parts about living with the Wheelers, besides Karen's amazing cooking and the hugs and kisses on the top of the head she'd give El every morning, was that Holly liked to share her books with El. It was true that she could read, and she enjoyed reading Mike's tales of orcs and goblins and little men with hairy feet, but there was something about Holly's old nursery rhyme books that appealed to her. She had never gotten to read anything like that as a child and

she found the silly rhymes and catchy cadences to be comforting.

She mostly kept it a secret though. She would be starting high school with Mike the next school year and she knew high school kids didn't read nursery rhyme books.

Chief Jim Hopper had been instrumental in helping the Wheelers legally adopt El, or *Jane* as her birth name was. He and Joyce Byers had stumbled onto the conspiracy while looking for Will back in November of 1983 and after everything settled down he pulled some strings with some friends in high places and got the papers necessary for the adoption to occur. It didn't happen fast though.

One cold October day Karen came practically busting through the front door happily waving an envelope. It was a Certificate of Adoption and it had El's name on it. It was that day that she became Jane Wheeler.

But of course, to Mike she'd always be *EL*.

Another thing that she hadn't expected with having a normal life was that she had *things* now. Belongings. She even had a collection of little stuffed cats that was growing rapidly. Although she would have liked to have a *real* cat, Ted was allergic so it was out of the question. But she had her little toy ones. She could snuggle them and talk to them and they talked back as much as a real cat would.

Her newest one was a little orange and white cat with orange markings on his face that made him look like he had a mustache. She thought he might be her favorite of them all.

So the same day she legally became Jane Wheeler, Mike decided to put a shelf up for her collection.

All the time El had lived with the Wheelers, the blanket fort had remained intact. Sometimes they'd sit together in it, their legs getting longer as they grew, forcing them to sit closer, which always led to things that brothers and sisters should not do.

And the fort was near her bed, where she wanted the shelf.

So of course as Mike was installing the shelf he accidentally lost his

balance and dropped it and himself onto the fort from the ladder he was perched on. The fort collapsed instantly. The family could hear him cursing and yelling from the basement. El had been upstairs in Holly's room looking for some crayons.

"What happened?" She asked worriedly, rushing down the stairs to make sure he was okay.

"I fell off the ladder. Fuck. I ruined the fort. That was like, our *life*, El. I'm so sorry."

El barely had time to respond because it was then that Karen announced that dinner was ready. With hanging heads they ascended the stairs for the meal.

All throughout dinner Mike was sulking. El tried to make him feel better, casually and secretly rubbing his thigh under the table. Even Mike's mom could tell how mad Mike was.

"Honey, it's Jane's first day as a real Wheeler. Can't you try to be happy?" She asked.

"I broke the fort, Mom. It's destroyed. I feel like I let El down," Mike admitted.

El shook her head. "No, you didn't. Mike, it's okay. You didn't mean to. It's just a fort. I have a *home* now." She squeezed his leg and looked at him, her eyes trying to convey how she felt.

"I'll tell you what," Karen said cheerily, "after dinner you two can rebuild the fort. Since it's Jane's first night as an actual Wheeler, I'll even make s'mores for you and let you sleep down in the basement with her, kind of like a campout. It can be your first official brother and sister activity."

Mike and El exchanged glances. It was almost as if they could read each other's minds.

"Okay, we can rebuild it. If El wants to of course. We can make it even better." Mike smiled at her.

"We can rebuild," El's smile matched his and dinner went more

smoothly after that.

After dinner, El helped Karen with the dishes. She liked talking with her as they worked. Karen knew that El liked to read Holly's books and she had even encouraged her to try to write her own rhymes. El kept her secret love of the rhymes to herself but with Karen she would be open, liking how it felt to have an adult be so encouraging about something that had nothing to do with special abilities. El liked how Karen had made her realize that she could have hidden talents that *weren't* something that she'd be hunted for by the bad men. It opened a whole new world to El.

As they washed dishes they talked.

"Sweetie, you can use any sheets or blankets or pillows from the linen closet. As long as they're not on a bed already, you can have whatever you two need for the fort. I know how much it meant to you."

She didn't know *really*, but El knew that Karen at least had an idea of how special the little structure had become.

"Thanks, *Mom*." El couldn't hold back her smile. She had a mom. She had a mom and a dad and two sisters and a Mike and she had a last name and a home and everything she never thought she'd have. She almost cried.

Karen sensed it and without a word put her arm around her new daughter, hugging her closely, not caring that their hands were covered in soap suds.

"Why don't you go find what you need and go rebuild the fort with Mike? I can finish up here. Go play." Karen smiled as she felt El return her hug and then slip away, off to find more blankets and pillows for their new and improved fort. El would have been lying if she said she didn't use her powers to help her get everything in one trip. Even Ted laughed at her from his La-Z-Boy because all he could see was a giant stack of pillows with feet as El made her way back down to the basement.

"Oh, Jane, honey, just let me know when you want the s'mores, as

long as it's before we go to bed. You and Mike can stay up as long as you like tonight. I'm sure you'll tell ghost stories or whatever it is that you two do. Nancy never wanted to do anything with Mike and he finds Holly tolerable only in small doses. I'm so glad he has you for his new sister."

"Thanks, Mom. I'm really glad too." El had already found that it was easier to just go along with whatever Karen's notions of them were.

When El got down to her room Mike seemed a little less mad. She almost dropped her armful of blankets and sheets and he quickly took them from her.

"What do you think?" He asked, clearly proud of himself.

El followed his gaze to the shelf he had managed to hang on his second try.

"I was thinking that if you wanted to snuggle with them you could, you know, just kinda Jedi mind trick them down," he laughed nervously.

"Yes, I can. It's perfect, Mike. Thank you so much."

He had even put all of her cats on it, with her new favorite one in the front. Mike grabbed him off the shelf.

"He's like a little Spanish aristocrat. I like his face. We should call him Miguel," Mike said, chuckling.

El wanted to nickname him the same way Mike had nicknamed her.

"Migo for short," she beamed. She didn't put the little cat back on the shelf. She wanted him to be in the fort with them.

They set about building the new structure. Mike made the footprint of it bigger, pulling the chairs apart more and creating more floor space. He wanted it to be big enough to accommodate both of them. Throughout the construction, they would touch each other, touching places they were not supposed to touch. They each were fully clothed but it still felt electric due to the fact that they were in El's room, that it was forbidden that they touch each other in such ways, and that

they could be caught at any moment. El realized that it was the first time she'd ever built a fort, and that it was *her* fort, that she and Mike were building it back for *her*, and it made her feel warm and fuzzy inside.

"Mike, I'm building the fort back. Does this mean I'm in the Party now?"

Mike looked confused.

"El, you've been in the Party since the day we met. You were *always* in the Party."

El looked down, biting her lip. She could feel the heat rising in her cheeks. Mike always made her feel so included. He always made her feel special.

They put some finishing touches on their project. El put pillows all on the floor so it would be soft and Mike handed her a string of Christmas lights he found in the basement so the new fort would be more magical than the old one. Once they were done, Mike took her hand and they both crawled inside.

It looked the same but bigger. Like it grew with them.

Inside the fort felt intimate, like it was their own little world. El couldn't explain why her heart was beating faster or why she felt warmer. The temperature in the house was fine. Maybe it was being so close to Mike in a place that was so special to her. Maybe it was the way he held her hand.

"Mike, can I tell you something?" El asked as they sat together admiring their work.

"You know you can. El, you can tell me *anything*."

"Well, I know they're for babies, but I really like Holly's nursery rhyme books. And you, I mean, *Mom* said that I should try writing my own. I'd never thought of that. Do you think that's stupid? I know you'd never read nursery rhymes."

Mike was flabbergasted because it seemed as though El was ashamed

for no reason.

"El, that's a great idea. I definitely don't think it's stupid. Some people write novels about fantastic realms, some people write romance novels. Some write short stories and some write kids' books." He scooted closer to her. "And some people write dirty limericks." He ran his hand up her thigh.

*"There once was a man from Nantucket,  
Whose cock was so long he could suck it.  
He said with a grin  
As he wiped off his chin,  
If my ear were a cunt I would fuck it!"*

He leaned in to kiss her. "So see, people write all sorts of things. Don't ever feel ashamed about it if you want to try."

The kiss deepened. El had pulled a blanket over them and was cupping his cock in her hand over his sweatpants. She could feel it growing.

"I'm glad you don't have to suck your own cock, Mike," she whispered as she stroked him. She gracefully slipped her hand under the waistband of his sweats, wanting to feel his cock for real. She could feel how warm it was even through his underwear, could feel it throb in her small hand. She started to slowly pump him, sliding her hand into his briefs.

It was then that their mother called to them. She was just on the outside of the fort. Only a blanket separated her from what her children were doing.

"Kids? I went ahead and made the s'mores for you. I think Dad and I are going to turn in. Can I see what you've done in there?"

Mike was instantly terrified. El had her hand on his cock and didn't seem to be letting go.

"Sure, Mom. Take a look. Mike even found some lights to hang," El said to the other side of the blanket.

Karen Wheeler poked her head through the doorway to see what her



children had created. She had never really paid a great deal of attention to the old fort but she'd seen it enough while doing laundry to recognize that this was just a larger version.

"Wow, you guys did great! Mike, the lights look so good! Here are your s'mores. Try not to get marshmallow on the carpet."

El continued to stroke Mike's cock, her hand barely moving, not noticeable by Karen. Mike was freaking out, his mother was standing right there, not even three feet away, and El had his hard dick in her hand. She was even running her thumb over the tip. He couldn't speak.

"Thanks! I put pillows down so it would be soft and there's even enough room for us both to sleep in here. Just like a campout!" As she talked to his mother El was teasing Mike's cock, her fingers tickling, playing with the smooth head, cupping his tight balls. Mike felt a tiny bit of cum shoot out.

"I'm so glad you got it all built back. And it looks even better than before. Mike, aren't you glad you *did* something instead of just being mad?"

Mike could only nod. His mom was smiling at him and waiting for his answer but El was still touching him, making him harder by the second. She had yet to remove her hand once and Mike found that it was almost too hot to have her hold his dick and pump it up and down while his mother carried on a casual conversation with them.

"You know Mike, Mom. He just needs a little coaxing sometimes." El winked at him, squeezing his cock at the same time.

"Well you kids have fun tonight. My little fraternal twins you are now...Mike and Jane Wheeler!"

Mike was almost afraid his mom would want to give them goodnight kisses so he was relieved when she just left after saying goodnight. He had held back, wanting so badly to cum in El's hand as she stroked his hard dick right in front of his mother.

*Their mother.*

"Oh god, El, I'm gonna cum if you don't stop," he panted. El looked at him, a gleam in her eye. The Christmas lights added extra twinkles to them and Mike fell into their depths.

"Not yet, Mike." Without taking her hand away El took a bite of a s'more. The chocolate was still warm and drippy. "Pull your pants down, just a little. Don't take them off. I want do to this."

Mike complied, pushing his pants and underwear to his mid-thighs. He watched as she touched his dick with the chocolatey treat, rolling it over the ridges and veins of his throbbing cock, her fingers around his shaft becoming sticky with chocolate and marshmallow. He could feel the warm stickiness on the head of his cock as she pushed it into the marshmallow.

"Oops, I got something on you. Here, I'll clean you up." She lowered her mouth to his member, painfully slowly. Mike could see her open it, could see how she licked her lips before taking his swollen and aching head into her warm mouth. She licked all of the chocolate off, sucking too, like she was eating a chocolate covered banana and trying not to break it. Mike was almost losing his mind watching her.

"Oh fuck, El. Lick my cock. Cl-clean it up. You got it all m-messy," he had wanted to fake chastise her but hearing himself give her orders caused Mike to lose his control. "Uhn, I'm gonna make it messier. El, gonna cum. You don't have to...oh fuck, cumming," he was whisper screaming, not wanting his mother to hear it as El brought him to climax with just a few sucks and licks of her tongue.

El didn't pull away. She knew he'd been trying to warn her but she wanted to feel him shoot into her mouth. She wanted to christen the new fort in the way she had come to learn felt best. She wanted them both to cum hard in it.

She swallowed his load, at least what didn't dribble down her chin.

"I can't believe you did that," Mike was panting but El touching him while his mom was giving them treats was still too fresh in his mind. "Talking to my mom like nothing was going on while you were stroking me and teasing me and making me harder. El, it was so hard not to cum in your hand right then, but fuck, that was one of the

hottest things ever."

Mike looked down. She was still holding on to his dick loosely and there was still a little bit of chocolate at the base.

"I'm gonna go wash the rest of this off, just so I don't get you all sticky. Nancy says sugary stuff near your, um, parts, can cause infections and stuff. So I'm gonna make sure that doesn't happen. Because now it's your turn. I'll be right back."

He started to climb out of the fort but El caught his hand.

"Can I sleep in one of *your* shirts tonight, Mike?"

"You know you can, El. Don't go anywhere."

"I'm right where I most want to be, Mike."

Mike sprinted upstairs right after she asked and went straight to his closet. There were a bunch of t-shirts he knew El was fond of, but the *Star Wars* one was what she most liked to wear so he picked that one. Just the thought of soon seeing her wearing it made him excited in ways he knew weren't appropriate for him to feel for his *new sister*.

He was back quickly, stopping at the hall bathroom to wash his dick. He wanted to be fresh when he plunged it into her, which he couldn't stop thinking about. But he was going to take his time. Even though they'd had sex a few times, it had yet to be like how he imagined... hot and naughty, but he wasn't sure if El would really want it that way. But she *had* played with his cock while his mother was literally *right there* so Mike hoped that she would be up for more spicy games.

"Here you go. I brought your favorite," Mike said as he handed her the shirt, crawling back toward her on his knees. Upstairs he had left his underwear in the hamper and was now just wearing his sweatpants and t-shirt.

El held his gaze as she unbuttoned the shirt she was wearing, letting it drop to the floor. She slipped his shirt over her head and then while still looking at him she unfastened her bra and pulled it off through the sleeve. She smirked at him. Mike had seen El naked before but something about being in the fort made her want to be

more private. His expression was nonetheless priceless as he watched her. Then El stood up on her knees and unbuttoned her jeans.

She noticed that Mike couldn't look away.

"Um, did you want to help or something?"

Mike knew what was coming the moment she started unbuttoning her shirt. His throat went dry within seconds as he watched the scene unfold. It seemed as though his throat was not the only thing affected by El's little show. His cock twitched inside his sweatpants and he knew she could easily see the bulge forming around the area. Mike snapped out of his thoughts when she started speaking again.

"What kind of brother would I be if I didn't?" Mike's smile was coy as he leaned forward.

"Mike!"

"I'm kidding! I'm kidding. Jeez," he laughed as he slowly eased the jeans down her legs until he could toss them aside. She was left in just her panties, laying down on her back and looking up at him with anticipation written all over her face. Gently, Mike's fingers hooked around the hem of her panties and he pulled them off easily before parting her legs enough to see her shaved pussy. It drove him crazy and he had to do something about it so he did. He let his fingers graze over her.

"Wow, you're so soft. Your skin feels so nice."

El watched him massage her inner thighs, his fingers coming up, caressing her outer lips, just teasing her.

"I use lotion. Nancy does it so I wanted to. And I like how it smells... like vanilla. Want to rub some on me?"

Mike had never thought of that. Now he was thinking of rubbing lotion all over her thighs, her ass, her stomach, everywhere.

"God yes."

El didn't want to get up from her position in the fort so Mike

retrieved the lotion from her bathroom. He squirted a generous amount into his warm hands.

"Turn over. I want to start with your back."

El felt him massage the lotion into her. He was deliberately avoiding her pussy which was starting to leak. She was getting more turned on every second. El didn't know if she'd be able to hold out while he spread lotion all over her. But she was going to try.

"Mmm, smells nice." He was straddling her thighs, smearing lotion on her ass, kneading gently with his fingers. Mike liked how he could spread her cheeks and see there. He had never done that before. He kept rubbing closer to the forbidden area but he didn't touch it. Not today. He was going to make her feel good though and maybe someday they could take that leap together. He felt like he had all the time in the world. "Do you like it? I like it. I like having your ass in my hands. And it looks really hot."

El *did* like it. In fact, it was giving her ideas of her own, but she decided to save them for another time.

"Tell me if I need to stop, El," Mike said as his finger brushed against her asshole. He had no intention of inserting it. He just wanted to feel it and see how she reacted.

"Oh!" El cried, trying to be quiet.

"No? I can stop," Mike started.

"Don't stop. Can you do that again? It tickles but I want to feel you tickle me there again."

Mike didn't need to be asked twice. He was glad to touch her there, to feel it, to see how it reacted to his touch. He liked the sounds she was making. The lotion combined with her natural lubrication, which was all over her ass, pussy, and upper thighs, made everything slippery and Mike could feel the tiny twitches her tight hole made as his finger teased it.

"Feels good. Mike, I...I need..."

"Say what you need, El."

"I need to feel more. I can't take this anymore. Every time you touch me I get wetter and I'm getting...um, I don't know the word."

"Frustrated? Is that it? Where you want something and it's right there but you can't get it?"

"Yes," El breathed. Mike always knew what she meant.

"Okay, let me fix it, El. Roll back over. I'll make it better."

Leaning forward, Mike gave El's lower lips a tentative lick, just enough that he could taste her on his tongue.

"You taste amazing," he breathed, lapping again at her slick folds.

Feeling Mike's tongue barely touch her was enough to make El feel like she was gushing between her legs. Shivers went up her spine and she could feel the baby hairs on the back of her neck stand up.

"Mike." It was all she could say.

Mike's heart skipped a beat at the sound of her voice. It made him feel all mushy and fuzzy on the inside because this was El, *his* El, calling his name as he did this to her. Him and no one else.

Carefully, he placed his hands on the backs of her thighs so he could spread her wider and make room for himself. Mike propped his weight on his elbows and he could clearly see her gaping hole from that distance. It made his erection feel unbearable, but he wasn't going to deal with that until later.

For the moment, he focused on her entirely, his lips slowly connecting with her smooth pussy as he kissed it softly. Then Mike darted his tongue out, letting the tip of his muscle run up and down her slit a few times before he inserted it inside her opening. This way his nose nudged her clit and the smell was intoxicating.

*I could do this forever.*

"El, I want you to tell me what you like and what you want me to do.

Can you do that? Can you tell me how to lick you and what you want to feel?" He was teasing her now, her bare and already wet pussy shining in the light of the Christmas lights, her arousal causing her to glimmer.

"Uh huh. Li-lick my p-pussy, Mike. I want to feel your t-tongue touch me th-there. Please."

Mike's head was between El's legs and she could feel his tongue on her. It wasn't just *on* her; he was darting it in and out and teasing her with it. She could feel his nose bumping against her clit. El was squirming a bit so she reached out and grabbed his floppy hair with both hands. She was being gentle but she couldn't help pulling his face into her pussy more. She was rewarded by hearing him moan and send his tongue deeper. Then he went back to her clit and started using just his lower lip on it. It was driving El crazy but she didn't want him to stop.

"Yeah, that's my girl. Tell me what I'm doing. It's so hot when you say it."

El's hips were starting to think for themselves as they bucked up against his warm mouth.

"Mike. You're gonna make me cum if you keep doing that."

Mike didn't stop, didn't look up, didn't answer her. Instead he inserted one of his long fingers into her dripping cunt.

It never ceased to amaze Mike how tight she always was, even if he had just one finger inside. But he soon inserted another one, scissoring and pulling them in and out of her pussy at a rather slow pace at first as his tongue sucked on her clit. He wasn't going to stop until he made her cum and Mike knew it was going to happen soon considering the way her hands gripped his hair tighter and tighter as the minutes passed by.

"Cum on my face, El. I want to drink it all. I want to feel you come on my mouth and fingers."

Mike mumbled against her pussy, working his fingers gradually

faster. He arched the digits upwards, trying to find her spot and he knew that even though he wasn't going to succeed this time, he still had his lips tightly sealed to her clit and that was usually enough to bring her over the edge.

El was so close. Feeling Mike's fingers pump into her was amazing and his mouth on her clit was making her entire pussy tremble. She could feel it. His rhythm didn't slow and soon her legs were shaking, followed by delicious spasms in her abdomen.

"Mike, don't stop. I'm cumming. You're making me cum right now."

Her sentence wasn't even finished when waves overtook her and El was writhing on the floor of the fort. Mike's fingers were still inside her and he was lapping at her sensitive pussy with his tongue.

Mike slurped up her pussy juices the whole time she was convulsing, his hands coming up to either side of her thighs and holding her in place as her orgasm took over. It made his cock throb so badly he was gently rocking his hips into the pillows, desperate to get some friction in the meantime.

When it was all done, he carefully removed his fingers and looked up. Her hair was disheveled and she looked tired beyond words, which were always good indicators that he had done a good job. He smiled and pressed a soft kiss on her inner thigh before nuzzling his cheek against it and admiring the way she was trying to catch her breath and come down from her high.

"Was it good?" He asked pensively.

"Mike, everything you do is good. That was amazing. But what about you? If it was that good for me then I know you need some relief. *Again.*" She looked down at his bulge, hard again, poking the slightest bit into the waistband of his pants. "And you're in luck because I may look tired but I was hoping we weren't finished."

El sat up and discarded the t shirt she was wearing. It had gotten bunched up around her shoulders.

Mike removed himself from the initial position he was in, instead



deciding to sit on his knees and watch El take off her shirt. He could clearly see her perky breasts in the dim light and it only made his cock ache more.

"You're so hot," Mike murmured under his breath and palmed his throbbing cock before quickly deciding to take his clothes off as well. He probably seemed way too desperate, but he couldn't care less. He was stark naked within seconds, his erection laying on his stomach as he grabbed El's hand and pulled her closer to him until he could press a kiss to her neck.

As El felt Mike pull her into him she could feel his hard dick on her inner thigh. He was kissing her neck and she let her head fall back to give him better access. She loved the way it felt when their bodies were pressed together. He was so warm and even though she hadn't been cold it felt thrilling to feel her skin against his. El let him suck on her neck as she traced her hands over his torso, pausing to lightly pinch his nipples. Her inner thighs felt slick as new arousal started to flow. Mike always caused this reaction in El. She ran her fingers through his hair and pulled herself more into him, wanting to feel his hard cock touch her in other places. She couldn't speak, only wanting him to overpower her.

Mike smiled as her delicate fingers ran up and down his torso, letting out a small moan when she decided to touch his nipples. Even though he already knew El was the only one capable of making him feel like this, it still felt surreal whenever she did these things to him. Mike's cock ached for attention and he couldn't take it any more so he gently laid her back onto the pillows and hovered over her, squeezing himself between her legs. The swollen tip of his cock rubbed over her clit as Mike held the base of his member, guiding it wherever he wanted it and in places he knew would make her feel good.

"Look at it, El. Look how big my cock is compared to you. But you're going to take it all for me, aren't you?"

Mike slowly inserted just the tip inside her tight opening and frowned, the pleasure already too overwhelming.

*When he talks to me like that it drives me crazy,* El thought. And he was saying it as he teased her with his dick; sliding it over her, rubbing

her clit with it, running it over her lips and making El want to grab him and slip his cock into her on her own. But she didn't because it really felt good and it was always better when he slid into her by his own doing. And what they were doing felt different than the other times. They both seemed to know more what to do, and the talking... El thought that made everything so much hotter. Hearing her sweet and sensitive boy say the dirty things he wanted to do to her, and wanting her to tell him what she wanted, made every tiny sensation exponentially increase.

"I'm going to take it all, Mike. Will you give it to me? I think I really need it."

He started to push himself in, going painfully slowly. No matter his speed though her pussy welcomed him and started to suck him in. El could feel already how tightly she was gripping him.

"Please, Mike. I need you to fuck me."

It felt so good to let her pussy swallow him inch by inch, watching his cock slowly disappear inside her tight opening. Mike decided not to stop until he was all the way in and when he felt his balls against her ass he decided to take it a step further and push even harder, wanting El to feel him entirely.

"Look how you took it all in. You're such a good girl, El. Telling me what to do, telling me to fuck you, that you *need* it. You have no idea how sexy you are with my dick inside you," Mike whispered as he hovered over her, his face only inches away from hers until he sealed their lips together. It didn't take long until he slipped his tongue inside her mouth, letting her taste herself on his lips, a souvenir from his previous ministrations. "You're sexy no matter *what* you do. Can you taste yourself? I love that taste, El. I love that you let me taste you."

"I love your cock," El said breathily between kisses. Mike was buried in her cunt and she could taste herself on his lips as their mouths commingled. He was above her so she wrapped her legs around his waist, trying to pull him even further into her. El loved feeling him but she knew that she was going to change positions soon. She didn't want it to be over too quickly. She squeezed his rigid shaft with her

pussy and Mike moaned into her mouth.

As much as Mike wanted to tease her and hold himself deep inside her pussy until she begged for more, he couldn't take it any longer. Not when she squeezed his cock so tight he almost came right there. And so he started moving, gently at first, letting his cock graze her walls in ways that seemed unbearably slow, at least for Mike. He soon lifted his upper body and propped his weight on his knees, holding on to her thighs as he started fucking her rhythmically, thrusting into her, pulling her body into his own as he started pounding hard enough that his ass was hitting his own heels every time he pulled back out.

"Look how you're swallowing my cock inch by inch. Fuck...you feel so good. I wanted to do this all day... I jerked off earlier thinking about fucking you like this. Can't believe it was Mom's idea for me to sleep down here."

"It feels so good, Mike. We have the best m-mom." Despite her not thinking of Mike as her brother, it made El feel warm to say that she had a *mom* and she took every opportunity she was given to remind herself of that fact. "I was going to have you let me get on top but I think I want you to keep doing this. Keep plowing into me. Make me take it. I want you to be as deep as possible. You can get rough. Whatever you need to do to get deeper. Oh, shit, Mike, don't stop doing that."

The friction he was causing was unbearable in the best way. He was pushing himself in hard but slowly enough that El could feel every inch of him glide into her. He was filling her up and she could feel her walls stretching, could feel his big cock making room for itself inside her. Sweat was starting to form on her forehead as she met his thrusts with her hips. The position he had her in left her almost helpless but that's what El wanted. She tilted her hips just slightly and the intensity of his cock on her clit increased. Mike's balls slamming against El's ass only served to turn her on even more.

Mike smirked at her words. He loved how she sounded incredibly needy whenever she talked to him as they fucked. It turned him on *even more* and he knew he just had to oblige. Rocking his hips in and out of her even faster, he could see her breasts moving to the rhythm

of his thrusts. It looked so hot and he extended his arms until he reached her chest, pinching her erect nipples as he continued to fuck her cunt with deep and faster thrusts.

"Can you turn around for me?" Mike whispered after a while, not wanting it all to end just yet. He slowly slipped out of her and guided her hips until she was on all fours, his hands resting on her ass cheeks after she did as he asked. He was mesmerized at the sight in front of him, her smooth skin felt so pleasing against his large palms and he had to give her cheeks a tight squeeze as he inserted himself back inside her wet cunt. This time he did it all in one go and he could feel her trying to adjust to the intruder.

When Mike pulled himself out of her as he set her up on her hands and knees El felt empty. She could feel his big hands caressing her ass, squeezing, and then all at once he was back inside her. He stuffed himself in with one tantalizing stroke. El's head went to the floor of the fort; the sensation of being filled with him once again causing her to bow as if in prayer to some fuck god that promised infinite cumming if only she'd believe. She couldn't keep herself from rocking backwards, meeting his thrusts, increasing the force. It all felt so good and El just wanted more. Her knees moved further apart without her knowledge, giving her more leverage. She could hear him behind her, all soft moans and grunts.

"Fuck me like that, Mike. Make me take your cock."

Mike couldn't even reply to her sweet pleas. The new position they were in made him access her deeper and it felt as if she was sucking the soul out of him every time her pussy contracted around his throbbing cock. He started slowly at first, guiding her hips back and forth on his shaft as he met her halfway, but it soon turned into something a lot rougher. Mike's balls were slapping against her ass and the sounds of slipping into her sloppy insides filled the room as he plowed into her. His hands on her ass were the only thing that stopped him from collapsing on top of her and Mike managed to fuck her at full speed, moans flowing from between his lips as he did so.

"Look at you on all fours, El...just for me."

He was really fucking her now. He had found a delicious rhythm and

they were in it, moving together. The added bonus of his balls slapping her ass was nice. El knew that she was so wet that they were also covered in her juices. She reached between her legs to rub her clit. She could feel Mike's hard dick as he worked it into her. As she massaged her clit El let her fingers dip down and tease him as he continued to slide himself into her, back and forth, the beginnings of her second climax starting to creep their way in. She was starting to feel her legs shake and her pussy was starting to pulse slightly.

"Mike, I'm so close. I'm gonna cum on your cock soon. You're fucking me too good for me not to."

"Shhh, gotta be quiet. But yeah. I'm gonna make you cum. I want to see you cum just from my cock, El...I know you can do it."

Mike panted as he spoke, grabbing both of her arms and gently pulling them behind her back. This lifted her torso mid-air and he kept her suspended from her waist up, his lips pressed tightly onto the side of her neck as he continued to fuck her pussy mercilessly. He could feel her getting closer and closer and it took all of his willpower not to cum before her, but he knew I could hold it for a little longer. El came first to Mike; always had and always would.

He was pulling her up, El was standing on her knees with his cock still buried deep inside her. She could feel his chest against her back, he was holding her arms, and she imagined how they must have looked. That was the push she needed. The thought of how it looked for them to be on their knees, Mike behind her, holding her arms so she couldn't touch herself while his dick sheathed itself in her pussy relentlessly was enough to set everything in motion. El felt it start in her knees. She knew she was about to cum harder than she had in a while.

"Fuck, Mike. I'm cumming. I'm cumming right now. Fuck me, fuck me! Oh, shiiit!"

Fearing her being too noisy, Mike pushed her down into the pillows, landing on top of her. They were glued together with sweat and he felt her pulsing around his cock.

"Gotta be quiet, El. You're being so good, taking my dick and being

quiet for me as I make you cum in our house."

"I'm tr-tying. Oh, fuck it's so hard, Mike. Making me cum so hard," she was only whispering, her mouth forming words that were breathed out as Mike continued to ram himself into her. "Just keep fucking m-m-me."

Mike did as he was told without a second thought. His cock plunged in and out of her pussy at full strength and speed. Her tunnel tightening around his shaft was all he needed to explode deep inside her, hot spurts of cum painting her walls white as he moaned out her name over and over again. Mike was a writhing mess, panting in the aftermath and still buried deep inside her cunt until he could feel his dick softening up. And when it did so, he gently pulled back and carefully pushed El forward, enough to see the mess that he had made. Mike wanted that sight to be embedded in his memory forever; to always remember how his cum was now dripping out of her spent hole, some of it landing on the pillows set on the floor. It was hot to say the least and Mike knew that if she wanted them to fuck again right then and there, he would still say yes.

"I came so much, wow." Mike laughed as he examined the mess in and around her pussy before placing a soft kiss on her ass, then laying down next to her form.

El was still trying to catch her breath as Mike lay down beside her. She had just cum harder than she could ever remember. She could feel him leaking out of her. El wanted to see what he'd do so she reached between her legs and let her fingers become covered in his cum that was dripping from her still throbbing hole. Knowing that he was watching her, she held eye contact with him as she licked her fingers clean.

"You're really good at making me cum. I'll never get tired of it."

"Don't...do that," Mike chuckled as he saw El inserting her cum-covered fingers into her mouth and he knew that he might get hard again if she kept going. Biting his lip to hold back his dumb grin, he pulled her naked form on top of his and buried his head in the crook of her neck before kissing her cheek gently. Mike could feel the sweat on her body and he knew she could feel him being just as sticky, but

he couldn't care less. They were past that awkward stage.

"I love you, El."

"I love you too, Mike. So much."

They snuggled together as they came down from their overwhelming climaxes. El was thinking a lot. Mike knew she was.

"What are you thinking about?"

El sighed. "You might think it's dumb."

Mike laughed. "El, I don't think *anything* you do is dumb. Everything you do amazes me. I don't care if it's balling up socks. Come on, you know you can tell me."

"Well, I was thinking I'm really glad we built the fort back, not just because it was fun and what we can do in it is fun," she trailed her hand down his torso, he was holding her so close. "But it meant a lot to me. And you know how I was telling you that your, I mean, Mom was telling me I should maybe try to write my own nursery rhymes? I kind of gave it a try. I borrowed Holly's crayons and drew pictures and everything. It's not very good, but it was fun to do and I think I might want to try to write more. Anyway, it was kind of about the fort. So I'm glad I still have a fort when I need one."

Mike's curiosity was at an all-time high.

"Could I read it?"

El was hesitant. She had been rather proud of it but she knew that Mike could write wonderful tales that made her feel like she was in another world when she read them. She knew it would crush her if she saw any disdain on his face as he read it. But it was *Mike* and he always made her feel good about herself no matter what, so she ignored her fears.

"Okay, let me get it."

Mike watched her crawl out of the fort, watching her ass sway as she made her way to the door. In just a minute she was back, carrying a

few pages of pink construction paper that had words and drawings on them. She handed it to Mike.

"I tried to draw the little scenes that went with the verses. Or whatever you'd call them. It's not very good. But maybe I'll get better."

Mike looked down at what was in his hand. It was a poem that looked like it had been inspired by *The House that Jack Built* and she had drawn little stick figures to go along with each stanza, the childlike quality of the drawings only making the entire thing more endearing. He started to read aloud. El covered her face at first, but then dropped her hands as he continued to read. There was no trace of mockery in his voice. If anything Mike was reading reverently.

*"This is the house that Mike built.*

*This is the sleeping bag that lay in the floor at the bottom of the house that Mike built.*

*This is the girl who was found in the rain, cold and afraid, who slept in the bag that lay in the floor at the bottom of the house that Mike built.*

*This is the Eggo that fed the girl who was found in the rain, cold and afraid, who slept in the bag that lay in the floor at the bottom of the house that Mike built.*

*This is the fort that sheltered the girl who was found in the rain, cold and afraid, who ate the Eggo and slept in the bag that lay on the floor at the bottom of the house that Mike built.*

*These are the friends who built the fort that sheltered the girl who was found in the rain, cold and afraid, who ate the Eggo and slept in the bag that lay on the floor at the bottom of the house that Mike built.*

*This is the bad man who chased the friends who built the fort that sheltered the girl who was found in the rain, cold and afraid, who ate the Eggo and slept in the bag that lay on the floor at the bottom of the house that Mike built.*

*This is the monster unleashed by the man who chased the friends who built the fort that sheltered the girl who was found in the rain, cold and*



*afraid, who ate the Eggo and slept in the bag that lay on the floor at the bottom of the house that Mike built.*

*This is the girl protecting her boy from the monster unleashed by the man who chased the friends who built the fort that sheltered the girl who was found in the rain, cold and afraid, who ate the Eggo and slept in the bag that lay on the floor at the bottom of the house that Mike built.*

*This is the family that now belongs to the girl who protected her boy from the monster unleashed by the man who chased the friends who built the fort that sheltered the girl who was found in the rain, cold and afraid, who ate the Eggo and slept in the bag that lay on the floor at the bottom of the house that Mike built.*

*This is the boy who opened his heart and shared his family with the girl who protected her boy from the monster unleashed by the man who chased the friends who built the fort that sheltered the girl who was found in the rain, cold and afraid, who ate the Eggo and slept in the bag that lay on the floor at the bottom of the house that Mike built.*

*This is the love from the boy who opened his heart and shared his family with the girl who protected her boy from the monster unleashed by the man who chased the friends who built the fort that sheltered the girl who was found in the rain, cold and afraid, who ate the Eggo and slept in the bag that lay on the floor at the bottom of the house that Mike built.*

*This is the bed where the girl now sleeps, feeling safe and secure with the love from the boy who opened his heart and shared his family with the girl who protected her boy from the monster unleashed by the man who chased the friends who built the fort that sheltered the girl who was found in the rain, cold and afraid, who ate the Eggo and slept in the bag that lay on the floor at the bottom of the house that Mike built.*

*This is the life that Mike built."*

Mike was fighting back tears. Even with the drawings being stick figures, he knew exactly what each one represented.

"El, this is beautiful. It's easily as beautiful as you are, inside and out. Don't ever be ashamed of it. I love it."

"You do? It's not that special."

"Are you kidding me? El, we *lived* this. This is our story. And this is our fort. All of this stuff happened to us, to *you*, and I think it's awesome that you wrote this. Please promise me you'll always show me what you write. I'll always want to read it." He pulled her into an embrace, making sure to keep her little construction paper masterpiece from getting crumpled in the process.

"I promise, Mike."

They put their pajamas back on, or their sleeping clothes, and snuggled together. So what if their mom found them that way? Who could be responsible for what happens when you're asleep?

"You know, if I have my way you'll *always* be Jane Wheeler. El for short. And I'll build you shelves and houses and memories and a life." Mike stroked her hair lovingly with the hand that wasn't holding hers. She was holding Migo the stuffed cat close to her chest, nuzzling her nose into his face like a small child.

They fell asleep not long after in the fort they had built together in the home they now shared. They would always share a home, Mike knew that. He wondered how many other ways she'd surprise him as they grew. He couldn't wait to see. Halloween was coming up and he now had a feeling that their night might go in a little different direction than just trick-or-treating. He glanced beside him. El lay sleeping peacefully, her hand still clutching his. Mike kissed her softly on her forehead.

"Night, El. Sleep well. You're home."

**Author's Note:** It got a little long, I know. But I wanted to include what my partner and I created as well as finish it off, adding the beginning and ending. I hope it's not too cringey, but it was our first time. We have found our groove by now and there's no one I'd rather be in the groove with. Thanks for reading and and thanks to my best friend and writing partner. You don't know how I cherish our time. Or maybe you do.